Volume LVII CHICAGO, JULY 19, 1906 Number 21

UNITY

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The Torch

The God of the Great Endeavor gave me a torch to bear.
I lifted it high above me in the dark and murky air
And straightway, with loud hosannas, the crowd acclaimed its light
And followed me as I carried my torch thro' the starless night;
Till mad with the people's praises and drunken with vanity
I forgot 'twas the torch that drew them and fancied they followed me.

But slowly my arm grew weary upholding the shining load
And my tired feet went stumbling over the hilly road
And I fell with the torch beneath me. In a moment the flame was out!
Then, lo! from the throng a stripling sprang forth with a mighty shout,
Caught up the torch as it smouldered and lifted it high again
Till fanned by the winds of heaven it fired the souls of men!
And as I lay in darkness, the feet of the trampling crowd
Passed over and far beyond me, its peans proclaimed aloud,
While I learned, in the deepening shadows, this glorious verity:
'Tis the torch that the people follow whoever the bearer be!

—*Elisabeth R. Finley in the New England Magazine.*

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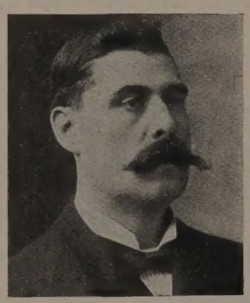

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VOLUME LVII. THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906 NUMBER 21

"Christ," some one says, "was human as we are."
"Well, then, for Christ," thou answer'st, "who can care?"
So answer'st thou; but why not rather say,
"Was Christ a man like us? Ah, let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as he!"

—*Matthew Arnold.*

We publish this week the first of our annual series of Tower Hill letters. We do so because we believe they will not be wholly uninteresting to the general reader, and we know that they will be of special interest to the now large Tower Hill community, scattered far and wide, for to have been at Tower Hill once is to join a fraternity that is lifelong.

A Chicago daily estimates that an aggregate of three million dollars is being invested at the present time in new club houses in Chicago. This sum represents simply the first cost of building, without taking note of the furnishing and running expenses. Among these are two Athletic Associations that contemplate spending each over half a million dollars; a "Saddle and Cycle Club" that is spending $200,000; the University Club, $800,000; an Automobile Club, $175,000. This is perhaps right; maybe these clubs will justify to the public their existence, but they should be put to the civic test and the complacent members who rejoice in these luxuries should ask of their own consciences whether their contributions to the church and other organizations that are devoting themselves to civic betterment are commensurate with their expenditures in the direction of these private luxuries and personal indulgences.

Lying on the editorial ledge at Tower Hill, the Senior Editor's sympathies are deeply moved by reading the items in *"The Society World"* of a Chicago daily which tells of the "Attractions" of "Country Clubs" and "Summer Resorts." Think of an "August Carnival" for the poor bedraggled millionaires of Oconomowoc and a "Whist Tournament" for the overworked dames of Lake Geneva! Poor people, if they understood the situation, how they would envy the harvest hands and the hired girls of the surrounding country who, it is true, have to work hard, but they have their nights to themselves, long, restful sleeps, and the freedom from the jealousies, rivalries and awful anxieties that belong to those who are held in leash by the tyrannies of the kitchen, the laundry, the milliner, the modiste, and the lords of the garage. If these "Carnivals," "Tournaments," and their elaborate accompaniments are necessary adjuncts of civilization and progress, we are profoundly grateful to those who pay our taxes for us on these lines.

John Stuart Mill was a name to conjure by among the young men and women of forty years ago. His works on "Logic," "Representative Governments," "The Subjection of Women," etc., stirred the prophetic depths in the hearts of the thoughtful. Those students who have survived to this day will be grateful to John Morley, who has recently celebrated the centenary of Mr. Mill's birth by a notable tribute in which he revives Gladstone's phrase which calls Mill the "saint of rationalism." Mill's methods were promptly outgrown, or at least his premises proved inadequate, but we cannot afford to forget the man "in whose inmost being there burned a deep hatred of oppression in all its forms;" the man whose "master sentiment was a passionate hatred for either coarse or subtle abuse of power." Mr. Morley speaks of his three years' presence in the House of Commons (1865-68) as "raising the moral tone of that powerful but peculiar assembly." The world cannot afford to forget its liberators.

The next best thing, perhaps, to taking a vacation is to enjoy the advertisements and free reading matter issued by the "Resorts" and railroads. It cools one to turn the leaves of the little booklet, "It Depends on the Line," issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. It is so full of shade and shore; so filled with restful hillsides and bowery places! After all it is safer and cheaper to go fishing while you horizontalize on your bed than it is to expose yourself to the discomforts of mosquitoes, camp smokes, and the disappointments born out of the grewsome reflection that the fellow in the picture always catches the biggest fish and the most of them. But this booklet is not printed in vain. There is a psychological moment when its invitation is irresistible. Send for a copy and see how it will work. Even if you do not go fishing, while traveling on these lines through these scenes you are within reach of high refreshment, you will find most of the luxuries of life with most of the discomforts of travel eliminated.

"Padded Church Rolls." This is the rather damaging title of an editorial in a recent number of the *Congregationalist.* It calls attention to an evil too obvious, based on facts too palpable. In these days of yellow journalism, screaming billboards, watered stocks, and business inflation, it ought not to surprise anyone that church rolls and statistics should share in the inflation. This "dead wood on church rolls" is there, according to our contemporary, from two very

opposite reasons: one, from sheer neglect on the part of the officers, slack administration, careless and delinquent trustees,—they who deem their office a courtesy rather than a responsibility, a compliment rather than a task. The other source of inflation comes from the church promoter,—sometimes the optimistic layman, too often the over-strenuous minister, who is always ready to prove the growth of his society by his membership figures. The *Congregationalist* well says, "Such ministers have usually brief pastorates and they seek better fields by pointing to the evidence of past successes." Whatever the causes may be, the evil in question is a shameful one. Church figures, if used at all, ought to tell the truth.

In Lyman Abbott's address before the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, which has been published in a recent issue of the *Outlook*, we have a program much less of a dream, to our mind, than the speaker himself would seem to suspect. No one today need apologize for believing that an organized world is not only possible, but inevitable. Mr. Abbott deals but in truisms when he says, "As soon as the nation begins to get a corporate intelligence it demands a court, so as soon as it begins to get a corporate will it must have a legislature. We have already organized an organ of international intelligence in The Hague Tribunal. Our next step is to bring to this corporate intelligence the problems of justice." Following this organized intelligence must come an organized will, an international parliament, of which the Postal Union and the Pan-American Congress are tentative ventures. This organic executive of the nations will necessitate a lessening of the armament, and this will come by organizing the armies of the world into an international police force. These represent both the logic and the inspiration of the situation. Let the doubting Thomases take heed of this sentence taken from our New York editor: "God is moving fast. He who would run ahead of God's chariot must gird up his loins and run rapidly."

The Beneficent Can

In these days of feverish discussion of "canned goods" it will not do to forget that there is more life than death in the can. The discovery and perfection of the method of preserving food in hermetically sealed cans added greatly to the food resources of the world. It made the berry perpetual, the passing toothsome garden vegetable perennial. The tomato, the green pea, bean and sweet corn which, under the old dispensation, were the passing luxuries of the few short summer months, have become not the luxury of the wealthy but the palatable embellishment of the poor man's table all the year round. The salmon, the sardine and the oyster, delicacies of the sea and its larger tributaries, are by virtue of this method available food supplies in most inland districts. And, spite of "inspectors" and "Jungle" stories, canned meats have been a providence of incalculable value, not only to the soldier and the sailor, but to the explorer, the miner and the picnicker of every grade. The soldier of the Civil War looks back with regret to the fact that his campaigning anticipated the possible reënforcement of the can, although most of them remember with pleasure the occasional promise of better things that touched the hospital patient in the shape of Borden's condensed milk and canned butter. The former, if we mistake not, was largely discovered as a military necessity.

Spite of all the threatened dangers, were the writer to be a soldier again he would venture on canned goods rather than be confined to the more deadly monotony of hard tack, "sow-belly," black coffee and blacker rice.

We are saying in this unauthoritative and unconvincing way what needs to be said in these days with scientific clearness and medical endorsement. The world cannot, will not, and ought not to do without canned goods. Hence, all discussion and investigation should not be destructive, but reformatory. The abuses can be remedied; the uses must not be endangered. After the revelations of the Pure Food Committee at Washington it is neither fair nor wise, it is bad economy as well as bad morals to single out the packers for special indignations and persecutions. The day of "scapegoats" is past in theology; it should pass in economics. The packers have yielded to the baneful pressure which influences all modern trade, viz., to adulterate, not necessarily to poison, the output in the interest of increased profits. The legislation that will help check and reform this tendency should be promptly forthcoming, and all tradesmen involved ought to hail such legislation for financial as well as for sanitary and ethical reasons. For every tradesman is ready to quit if only the "other fellow" will stop, and thus give the legitimate food product its fair show.

One of the sensitive points in packing house legislation is the dating of the can so that the consumer may know the age of the food that he eats. If as yet there is no adequate scientific evidence as to the extent and date of time deteriorations of canned goods, it is clearly the business of the government to proceed at once with such tests as will be conclusive. Let all purveyors of canned food be at least required to submit dated samples of their output to the laboratories provided for the purpose. Then in the course of a few years the safe limits will be reached by scientific tests.

"In the long run" the dating of canned goods must greatly increase the consumption of such goods, and the "trade" will soon learn how to govern their output so as to meet the demand. They will save themselves from the leakage incident to over-production, and digestion will be enhanced by confidence. Canned goods are still benignant elements in the world's pantry; they are the products of science. Let their use be increased by more rigid application of the con-

clusions of science. When the purveyors will clearly and honestly state the nature of the contents and the date of their sealing the relish of the world for canned goods will not only return, but will be reënforced. We still believe in the Beneficent Can.

Our Tower Hill Letter

For years Tower Hill has been the Mecca toward which the eyes of the writer have been turned for a summer rest only, each season, in some way to miss it. "However, all things come to those who wait," we are told, and this summer everything pointed Tower Hill-wards; not an obstacle to surmount, and in the late afternoon of June 30, as lovely a day as ever Lowell pictures, we were welcomed by the "Mother of the Hill" with a cordiality which left nothing to be desired, and an invitation from the Hill which we were but too eager to accept.

For the opening of the season we are told there are an unusual number here; many of the cottagers having arrived and the Long House rooms are well filled, and by the middle of the first week we numbered forty-five souls, a most auspicious beginning. Two weeks of quiet enjoyment we have had, no day of which has been long enough. Each day has furnished a fresh introduction to nature in her most alluring guise. Sometimes it is to us a new bird, which is enough for one day; or a flower unknown to us before; a sunset or a new hill-top view.

The latter, like the sunsets, may be a fresh experience daily, since there is always a view we have not seen from a hill we have not yet climbed, and so in these sweet, soul-satisfying delights the days fly by. The chronicles of Tower Hill have been numerous, many of them gifted with the artist's perception and the poet's power of expression. The writer feels much timidity in trying to express what has been so well said by others, but it is hard to imagine a nature so prosaic or unresponsive to beauty as to be unmoved by all that is spread out before us; one that could not "feel within it a stir of might," a longing to "climb to a soul," in poem or hymn, through these, nature's ministrants.

In trying to fathom the secret of the greatest charm of this place, it seems to the writer to lie largely in the sense of remoteness from all that the great terrible city oppresses us with and that we seem to have left so completely behind. It seems impossible that we can ever again take up all the dropped burdens, so many seem to have fallen away. At least, we shall be the better able to bear them for this beautiful respite.

The social contact which comes incidentally is delightful and seems to satisfy the needs we all have more or less for our "kind." We seem to take new estimates of life, we place new values upon things, and put a higher premium on friendship. We demand the best of ourselves and our companions. One may feel with Byron when he says:

> "I love not the man the less but nature more,
> From these our interviews
> In which I steal from all I may be or have been before,
> To mingle with the universe
> And feel what I can ne'er express
> Yet cannot all conceal."

I started out to write of the one event which might be called "social" which has occurred on the Hill, a cottage christening or dedication. The event was worthy of a letter by itself and shall serve for a theme for another letter writer. F. F. B.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, OF FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER III.

> "Rest is not quitting the busy career,
> Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere.
> 'Tis loving and serving the highest and best,
> 'Tis onward unswerving; and this is true rest."

Judged by this standard, Mother Bickerdyke had always "true rest," for in no other could we find a better "fitting of self to one's sphere." I used to think of the Bible words, "Thou art called to the kingdom for such a time as this," as I watched her and thought of the ceaseless activities of her life. I loved to hear her talk of her girlhood days "on the old Ball farm," back in Knox county, Ohio, where she lived the free, wholesome life of a country girl, with all of the animals on the farm for pets and companions. It was there she laid the strong foundations of physical being; there that she gathered up a rich store of thought and knowledge—living, as every true child of the country does live, close to the great throbbing heart of Nature—learning her secrets and drinking deep at her inexhaustible founts of health and wisdom. Here she dreamed her sweet girl dreams of life and love while the

> "World was all before her where to choose,
> Reason her guard and Providence her guide."

Here she began her school education in the log school-house with "puncheon seats" and "goose quill pens," with teachers who would undoubtedly find it hard to get the necessary certificates in these progressive days, but who laid great stress on the mastery of the "three R's"—"readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic"—with "spellin'" thrown in as a needed accomplishment, that might or might not prove useful in coming years. Mary Ball, as she was then, must have been a merry, fun-loving girl, one who would have her share in all the "good times" around her, and yet we can never think of her as neglecting any chance for improvement, or failing in any duty that was hers, for, with all her love of fun and merriment, her heart and conscience were true and tender ever. And her strong sense of right and justice would keep her "up to the mark" always.

At comparatively an early age she entered Oberlin College—that blessed haven of learning for so many noble women of that time, open alike to the rich and the poor, to women as to men, to black as to white—as but few such institutions were at that time.

"There have been a great many lies told and written about me," Mrs. Bickerdyke said to me, but the only one I ever knew her really to resent and be distressed about was the one so generally circulated and believed among those who never met her, that she was an uneducated, illiterate woman—one to whom the world of books and of schools was unknown—or nearly so. Especially was she hurt that Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, in her "My Story of the War," seems so to depict her. "Mary Livermore knew better than that," she told me, "I can't understand why she wrote as she did"—and neither can any of us, though all who knew Mrs. Livermore, either by reputation and printed word, or personally, will surely acquit her of any intention to wrong one whom she held in such high esteem, and with whom she was a faithful co-worker in many a weary day of hospital service, and upon the field among the suffering "boys in blue." A woman of whom she wrote in a private letter dated at Melrose, Mass., June 1, 1886: "No woman during the war has equaled you in varied and needed and useful service to our sick and

wounded soldiers." Mrs. Livermore is but one among several who, in writing of Mrs. Bickerdyke, gives the impression that she is uneducated. I remember that in the articles in Arthur's Home Magazine where I first read of her, she was spoken of as an illiterate woman who, after her widowhood, supported her family by taking in washing. No one who knew her would doubt her willingness to do this or any other honest work had it been necessary, for she knew in very truth that all work was good if done in the right spirit. She knew

> "Who sweeps a room as to God's law
> Makes that and the action fine."

and was fearless in doing whatever came to her hand to be done. But it was not necessary for her to bend over the wash tub, or to do any like work to support her family. And so far was she from illiteracy that she lacked but a few short weeks of graduating with honors at Oberlin. An epidemic of fever breaking out there sent her home just before the close of her college course, and her removal to another part of the state a little later prevented a later return. But lacking all this, knowing nothing of schools or colleges, she must have been of cultured mind, educated in the best meaning of the word, for she learned of everything with which she came in contact—of nature and of life, of men, women and children—of the sun-rises and the sun-sets—of the coming and the going of the seasons. All was "grist" to her—all taught her of life and its meaning. Of an open mind, as of open hand—far seeing and receptive, she was ever learning, ever growing in depth and strength of character. But she knew of books and of the writers of books, and was at home in the drawing rooms of the educated and cultured as surely as in the hospital tent and the humble cottage of the poor. Some one has written of her "disregard of the king's English," but this is wronging her. There was a certain bluntness of speech in her, a disposition to avoid needless "frills and furbelows," as she would say, both in her conversation and in her dress—with no display of what "Hosea Biglow" styles "book froth"—no bombast or vulgarity, and certainly no "disregard" or violation of "the king's English." Her's was an active life, far removed from the quiet of books and meditation, but she loved good books and all that went to the making of a full well-rounded, well-informed character, and there was a great charm in her conversation, a something that told of reserve force and depths untouched below. Though she gave freely of that that was within her, she did not exhaust herself or her theme. She was ever plain and direct of speech, simple and unassuming in bearing, unless when in combat with wrong, when she became a very Nemesis, pursuing the wrong doer with relentless force, nor rested until, so far as lay in her power, justice was done. She stood always bravely, unflinchingly for what she believed to be right, and, truly, her judgment was seldom at fault, and she was seldom vanquished. As she once told an hospital officer who was opposing some of her efforts for the comfort of her "boys," "You better not get into a row with me, for whenever anybody does one of us always goes to the wall—*and it is never me.*"

She

> "Knew the depth and knew the height,
> The bounds of darkness and of light;
> And he who these extremes has seen
> Must needs know all that lies between."

And this she did, this brave-hearted, resolute woman, to whom all around her instinctively turned in need and in sorrow, and for whom she had ever the right word of love and of encouragement. The clasp of her hand revealed her strength and determination, the sound of her voice gave inspiration and hope and the sight of her face so deeply stamped with the fine, tender yet strong lines of character, the eternal brooding motherhood that lay in the shining depth of her blue eyes—ah, who that has felt, heard and seen all this can forget it? Who but recalls it all with joy and gratitude now that she is away?

How little she could have thought in her school days of the work she was to do—the large place she was to fill in the hearts and homes of her countrymen and in our national history! Nor could she once have thought that she was to be a household saint, the mention of whose name would bring a fervent "God bless her" from thousands of grateful hearts. Yet she was a very human saint, not one to be set upon a pedestal and worshiped from afar, but one sharing in our full humanity with all its joys and its sorrows, and whose experience had taught her how to be helpful in the experiences of others. That she was sometimes imposed upon did not deter her in her good work. She was one who would rather trust all and be sometimes deceived than to wound any one by doubting too much. She was quick to decide and to act. While others were vaguely wondering over some social need or problem, she had found a way and gone straight to the need with sure supply. Though her work was chiefly among the old soldiers and their families, she by no means confined herself to them, but gave and gave, and gave wherever there was need, gave not of her money alone, but still more lavishly of herself. She must have felt with Lowell "The gift without the giver is bare." She never wasted life in doubts or fears, but spent herself on the work before her, knowing this was the best preparation for the work that might be given in the future. She lived in the now—lived one day at a time, wisely and well. She had a noble scorn of all things mean and low, and yet a rare gift of separating the sin from the sinner and, while condemning the one, would help to save the other. As she once said, "Every miserable sinner that comes my way is sure of two friends—God and me." Who can tell how many a poor life has been saved from utter wreck, how many a discouraged, despondent one has been aroused and given a new and stronger hope—a firmer grasp on things both material and spiritual by this combination of "God and me?" Whatever one's faith in God may be there come times when only the human touch can help—when we must have that to keep fast hold upon the other—when God's love must be seen in human love. The coming of Mother Bickerdyke at such a time could not but mean life and hope and salvation. Only the opening of the great Book of Life can reveal the extent and helpfulness of her work. Her's was essentially a gospel of work, a religion of deeds rather than of words. Browning's lines seem just to fit her character:

> "One who never turned her back, but marched straight forward;
> Never doubted clouds would break;
> Never dreamed, though sight were worsted, wrong would triumph;
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake."

Far Better

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us!"
> But how much better if by spells
> Others could see us as we see oursels!
>
> —*Boston Transcript.*

THE PULPIT

Opportunity: Three Views

PHI BETA KAPPA ADDRESS BY WILLIAM KENT, DELIVERED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, JUNE 11, 1906.

The revelations of trickery, dishonesty and cruelty in corporate management and business enterprise have stirred our people to a realizing sense of existing wrongs, and to an attempt to seek remedies. Sometimes the disease has received a proper diagnosis and sometimes it has not. Sometimes the remedies that have been applied or that people would apply are logical and consistent with natural laws and with human nature, and sometimes they are worse than the disease.

The protest of those who have been called "muck-rakers" has been directed against things diverse in their nature, but often intermingled; against dishonesty; against greed, and often against what is called inequality of distribution, which may or may not be inevitable. In part the protest concerns ethics, in part economics, but in a large majority of cases it concerns that mingling of economics and ethics which must exist in spite of the assertions of a political economy, until recently accepted as final.

For we must face the proven fact that there cannot be a simple, unmoral, mathematical system of economics. Economic systems must work either for average human welfare or against it. Business cannot be made a chess game, for human beings are neither pawns nor abstract quantities, and that easy, conventional theory based on the fallacy of treating men as mere numbers has gone to join the plesiosaurus and pterodactyl.

I possess no preconceived complete scheme of economics. No perfect scheme is conceivable in a relative and changing world. Perhaps by considering present day tendencies and the fallacies that lurk in theories made too simple to be true in our complex surroundings, we may better decide how symptoms are to be treated, and how men may be helped to help themselves into fulness of life.

Of opportunity and of equality of opportunity we are hearing much these days. But what is opportunity? And how shall it be acquired? First let me bring to your notice a symbolic definition by Edward Rowland Sill:

> This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
> There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
> And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
> A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
> Shocked upon swords and shields. A Prince's banner
> Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes;
> A craven hung along the battle's edge
> And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
> That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
> Blunt thing—" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
> And lowering crept away and left the field.
> Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
> And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
> Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
> And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
> Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down
> And saved a great cause that heroic day.

There is inspiration in this, an inspiration to brave deeds and to carelessness of self. It answers the query and test of the pioneer: "Will he fight?" It is a trumpet call to manly courage, a splendid piece of heroic, Homeric barbarism. The courage that thrills through the line, however, is also the courage of the animal. Jack London could portray such an episode in the life of a dog, without too great a stretch of the imagination. We hear that "a great cause was won on that heroic day." We know that the enemy was "hewed down." But we do not know what the cause was, or whether the enemy was right or wrong, or whether the Prince had ever given that important question a thought. We only know that he exhibited a strength of purpose, in the face of odds, that we reverence and admire, and a spirit that must form a part of every character that is manly and worth while. This view of opportunity is neither good nor bad in any broad, human sense. It is what we might call a strictly unmoral view.

Now let us turn to another poem that has been quoted endlessly, and which is doubtless familiar to you all. I shall read you the view of opportunity that was expressed by the brilliant Senator from Kansas, John J. Ingalls:

> Master of human destinies am I!
> Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
> Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
> Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
> Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
> I knock unbidden once at every gate.
>
> If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
> I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
> And they who follow me reach every state
> Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
> Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate
> Condemned to failure, penury and woe
> Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
> I answer not and I return no more.

Aside from the false assumption that opportunity is spasmodic and not continuing, this is what we may call the conventional, individualistic idea. I doubt if one person in ten thousand who has read it, has ever conceived that in it lay any ethical conception, good or bad. It is a step beyond the simple barbarism of the other. Is it a step in the right or the wrong direction? It brings out the idea of sacrificing present comfort for the sake of the future, the idea of providence and foresight: in so far it is higher. It brings out the thought that with the sharpened perception one must wait, and with heart, soul and might one must struggle and fight for reward. But what of the reward "fame, love and fortune?" There is nothing in the context or in the spirit of the poem to place any ethical connotation on these words. They are the "good things" for which the individual must fight at all hazards, and at any sacrifice. As far as morals are concerned, the poem might have been written by any man, good or bad, who thoroughly believed that the first duty of man was the preservation of himself. It is the outburst of what we may call unrestrained individualism, or practical anarchism. The poem might have been written by Machiavelli, by Napoleon, or by a safe-blower, for safeblowers, too, have their due regard for "fame, for love and for fortune."

This view of opportunity is destructive to society. It is this view that makes "muck-raking" necessary. It was probably this view of opportunity that embittered the last days of the author who, when he found himself deprived of fame and fortune, found little else worth living for.

It is fortunate for the world that there are other views of that which constitutes opportunity and, here, I would refer you to the Sermon on the Mount and to the Golden Rule. Throughout the teachings of

Jesus there runs the thought that he who would save his life must lose it; the thought that the highest opportunity is the opportunity to be of service, and that living is service. Throughout the ages men representing the most widely divergent theories of morals, politics and political economy, have endeavored to twist and contort the scattered utterances of Jesus into an endorsement of their particular line of argument. Jesus has been described as an anarchist, as a socialist, as an upholder of existing authority, and as an exponent of democracy. But as shown by the best criticism, Jesus was a teacher not of economics, not of politics, but of morals, and in so far as morals are inseparable from any proper conception of politics or economics, his teachings must always furnish texts to those who honestly desire an amelioration of social conditions. The only "ism" that can clearly be applied to the teachings of Jesus is that of altruism, a recognition of the other fellow, and any theory or scheme that fails in such recognition is false to philosophy and a libel on mankind.

I have stated that ethics and politics and economics are infinitely interwoven. Therefore, in the consideration of political and economic schemes, we must always go back to the fundamental quest for the basis of ethics. That description of the "Chief End of Man" found in the Westminster Confession: "To glorify God and enjoy him forever," can only by infinite stretching be shown to have any ethical import. That mediæval test of fitness to live in this world and the next, the Athanasian Creed, has absolutely no ethical import.

The ideas of God and the practices of worship have, among few people, had any bearing upon the social system, and when they had an influence, that influence was as apt to be evil as to be good. Abraham was ready to practice the unnatural crime of the murder of his son. Religion ran the Inquisition and burned witches. Well may we claim that religion and ethics do not necessarily travel in harness together. The vitality of the teaching of Jesus lay in the fact that he was a social philosopher rather than in any theological doctrine that he held or that was attributed to him.

We need not enter into the interminable dispute of whether the ideas of right and wrong have come to us by direct inspiration from a power outside of ourselves working for righteousness, or whether humanity, and perhaps more broadly speaking, life, has evolved these ideas through ages of experience; there is a general consensus between the schools as concerns the resultant code. For human beings were constituted social beings. Lacking associates it is hard for us to conceive of a man being either bad or good, or deserving credit or blame, unless we take account of the unknowable after life. For the lone man there would be neither law nor public opinion, and no reason for living or ceasing to live, nor for any course of procedure except as dictated by self-interest. From the earliest ages society has grown up around a social core and has, more and more, developed an appreciation of this thought which has always been present, however much covered up by superimposed strata. The family grew out of the social ideal of perpetuating the species and even in the lower animals we find a willingness of the mother to sacrifice herself for future generations. The feudal system, apparently opposed to the social sense, was really based on the idea of fostering and defending the clan. The despotism of Russia today dates back to the defense of the nation against the invasion of the Turks and Tartars, and the strong centralized power necessary to prevent the overthrow of the Slavic races by the Teutonic. In the jumble and jargon of the poor Czar, who talks about "my people," there is the real, deepseated, ethical conception that to him has been decreed by the Almighty the same necessary functions in preserving his people that was the basis for the rise of the autocracy in the days of danger to the people and the Faith.

There is little difference in ideals or mental capacity, between the highest types of modern men and their predecessors, clear back through history. The great difference rests in the diffusion of education and the greater resulting intelligence of the average man, which makes the average man at once more conscious of his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and also more conscious of his debt to other men. And in this diffusion of ideals of opportunity and responsibility rests the hope of the extension of the splendid stoic ideals of self-respect as well as the magnificent altruism taught in Palestine nineteen centuries ago, the combination of a better individual in a better state.

The old political economy held as primary tenets that competition is the life of trade, that supply and demand regulate all prices of commodities, of which labor was one—a commodity and nothing more—and that laws regulating or trying to regulate the price or distribution of commodities were always unwholesome, meddlesome and destructive.

The mental discipline of this clear-cut, mathematical method was valuable, but its premises were unsocial and therefore wrong, and, in spite of its claimed perfection, the competitive system, based on algebraic formulæ and not upon human nature and human needs, is giving way. More and more we recognize that the laborer is worthy of his hire and that that hire should consist in a fair division of the product of labor.

The competitive system formerly extolled as automatic in its beneficent action, has broken down even as a producer of profit, and has lent itself to inhumanity.

Competition has in many cases proven the death of trade, and has ground out the lives of men as between millstones. Supply and demand of labor as an economic theory, justified the conditions in the coal mines, where by successive importations of poorer and lower people the standard of living was being reduced to an animal status. The same theory justified the hauling of coal cars by women in the English mines, as well as some of the horrors of Packingtown, which are usually attributed to combination. For in the packing industry a system has grown up that, with its eye single to the subject of profits, has driven labor to despair and has violated all ideas of decency. From buyer to gang foreman there is competition in the same house; the last cent is shaved off the purchase price; the last scrap worked up into food; the last ounce of strength required of the labor.

Worse than any other social iniquity, in many industries the nation-destroying institution of child labor is fostered by this same "perfect" scheme of non-interference.

All these evils have accrued under what we may call fair competition, for the old political economy, which claimed that everything would regulate itself if let alone, did not recognize the possibilities of unfair competition. But in the face of the wisdom of the schools we have had to legislate against rebates, and all the villainous tactics by which beneficent competition has been throttled by the unscrupulous and powerful, while oppressive and injurious competition has been preserved to the injury of those least capable of bearing it.

The sweatshop, in which men, women and children

have competed with each other until driven to the verge of starvation, though working beyond endurance, has made necessary the formation of Consumers' Leagues, which demand fair terms of employment and offer fair prices for fairly made goods. This, too, is a direct attack on the self-sufficient doctrine of *laissez faire.*

The labor union movement, in its opposition to this competitive process, has become a religion. Fanatically held, sometimes justifying means by the end, sometimes philosophical and right, sometimes economically idiotic, sometimes altruistic, at other times selfish, and sometimes violent and corrupt to the verge of self-destruction, it has, nevertheless, proven an ameliorating influence of the highest value. In demanding for laborers decent conditions of life and employment, it is doing an incalculable amount toward saving our nation and preserving democracy. For government cannot rest upon a foundation of ignorance and poverty, any more than a nation can exist "half slave and half free."

The competitive system is passing away because it is relatively wasteful and therefore an economic failure. Its boasted freedom from a sense of moral responsibility has been belied by every attempt at ameliorating human conditions.

In the formation of every modern trust recognition is given to the fact that under competition there is needless duplication of effort. This is clearly seen in the instance of the unnecessary number of commercial travelers employed to sell practically the same quality of goods and the enormous expense of advertising. Cutting off these items immediately makes possible the watering of stocks and the increase of capitalization upon which dividends may be paid by the public, without increase in the cost of commodities furnished.

And thus we find that competition breaks down in the economic sense, and in the moral and social sense fails to bring the results claimed for it.

I would not for a moment insinuate that all business in the past has been conducted along inhuman lines. For under older conditions, where fewer men were employed and where the employer came into direct contact with his men, there was apt to exist a certain human feeling, whether or not the employer held to the iron-clad law of "supply and demand." It is only when the competitive system is released from all moral and human bias that it proves out its incapacity on the human side.

Replacing this bygone system, we find the next step in evolution to be that of combination, which from the financial standpoint, by cutting off waste and the duplication of work, by investigation into probable demand and by supplying enough and not too much to meet that demand, is certainly more enlightened than its predecessor. Moreover, under combination there should be much greater certainty of employment and much less migration of labor from one industry to another. With the increased use of machinery in production, men become more and more specialized and less and less able to change their employment. And so there grows up the necessity that their trade should be free from wild fluctuations of output.

The idea of combination is the idea of coöperation and therefore is correct and working along the lines of social science. But the question arises: What have men done with this new tool?

By sheer weight of capital they have crushed out others equally entitled to do business. By unfair discrimination they have been able to drive out of business others who performed the same functions just as well as the combination can perform them. A patent illustration of this is found in the ease with which the elevator combinations have driven out of business thousands of country elevators where the service rendered was exactly the same as the service rendered by the elevator of the combination. The farmer was paid as much and as promptly, and was furnished equal facilities. The railways had no more trouble in handling cars for the independent than for the "line" elevators, and still rebates were given at the expense of railway stockholders, to fatten the pockets of those who were strong.

Again, combinations started early to crush out labor unions and to reduce wages, and were not slow in raising prices of their output. The assault on labor was met by a strengthening of the unions until in some cases union and trust, by getting together, came to an understanding and turned together on their common prey, the consumer. This has been true especially of the building trades and the material manufacturers supplying these trades. As yet the consumer has not been heard even, in his mild plea for tariff revision.

The evils of the trust have been so often set forth and so definitely demonstrated that there is little use of rehearsing anything except these briefly stated facts.

In disgust at the evils of combination, laws have been passed of different sorts: some intended to directly curb the evils by prosecuting those guilty of unfair practices, as for example, by forcing common carriers to treat people on terms of equality for similar service, and by legislation against differentials in price to different customers. Another step toward regulation is found in the tremendous strength of the municipal ownership movement in this country and in Europe, which is based upon the hypothesis that transportation, light and water are absolute essentials, and that as far as concerns those dwelling in congested communities, they should be provided by the community, practically without profit. The strength of this movement in this country has risen from two sources: the political abuses perpetrated by the owners of public utility corporations,—a moral issue; and by exorbitant prices charged for protected monopoly which is demonstrated by the dividends on over-capitalization common to nearly all such corporations. A most interesting phase of municipal ownership is found in the Chicago traction problem, which is now in a fair way to being solved along the lines of municipal ownership, and to which solution contributions have been made by all the reputable authorities from the Supreme Court of the United States down to an unpurchasable City Council. Throughout this whole movement toward municipal ownership is found a strong moral impulse striving toward justice. No argument is made in favor of it that does not have a moral bias as opposed to the piratical view of the average public service corporation, and to the unmoral position of the *laissez faire,* competitive theory.

The third method of attacking the abuses of combination is a nebulous, foggy sort of method, which in an attempt to curb evils, flies in the face of political economy and in the face of present day tendencies. This method is seen in the indiscriminate legislation against what are known as "combinations in restraint of trade." Or, in other words, in trying to bring back the old competitive system, and forcing men by law to compete when it is against their interest and against their intelligence so to do. To give an instance of this strange attempt to force men back into a state from which they have evolved, I would call up another example from the packing industry. It is alleged, and

I believe it to be true, that the Chicago packers have established what is known as a blacklist of impecunious customers. In other words, should a wholesale or retail butcher buy goods of any one of the great packing houses and refuse or be unable to pay for them, no other one of the coterie or combination would sell to such a man until he had first discharged his debt. This is obviously the plainest sort of common sense and is what takes place daily in every bank in the country, and still this is harped upon as a "combination in restraint of trade," and is doubtless prohibited by law.

From this outline of the practices of combination we can only read one lesson and that is the necessity of public control, and it rests with the future whether such public control can be so exercised as to stop with private ownership, or whether it will carry us, before we are through with it, far into the realms of socialism. And so we must next take up, in brief outline, the theory of socialism.

Socialism, unlike competition or combination, starts out with an altruistic recognition of humanity as a whole. And right here its advocates break down in their broad, general theories. For if you were to ask them whether "humanity as a whole" includes the barbarous population of Africa, they immediately reject that as not human but animal in a socialistic sense. But to go back to the general theory, we find it held that all means of production should be owned by the community for the joint use and benefit of all. And yet, just where the line can be drawn between means of production and the commodities produced, it is impossible to ascertain. The theory goes on to state that in this world there is plenty for everyone and that under a righteous system of distribution a moderate amount of labor and sacrifice by those physically and mentally capable of such labor would supply not only comfort, but educational opportunity for both laborers and those necessarily dependent. Of this fact there can be no doubt. Socialism also teaches that there are now two classes of people; capitalist and proletarian; and that only by a class-conscious struggle on the part of the proletarian can he be raised to the position of comfort which he should have, and the capitalist be reduced or elevated to a similar position. But here, too, we find the theory breaking down, for no man can clearly define the line between the capitalist and the proletarian, although the man living by work at a machine, who never accumulates for the future, would certainly be a proletarian and the son of wealthy parents who never has rendered and never will render any useful service would, without doubt, answer the definition in the other case.

It is my belief that the tendency of the world today is strongly socialistic. For, if we look about us, we find that every advance toward bettering of every human condition is along this line. When we plead for public playgrounds, for the use of the public school buildings as meeting places, for municipal ownership of public utilities; when we endorse the establishment of educational institutions by the community or by the state, we are working along this socialistic tendency. When we recognize relative monopoly and seek to regulate it, then, too, are we working in the same direction. When we deny the individualistic right of a common carrier to deal as it pleases with any of its customers, again, in endorsing state regulation in the interest of justice, we may fairly be called socialistic in our views. The national irrigation schemes are socialistic, and care of the forests is an example of a step, advanced but essential, while the latest of the President's policies, that of withholding oil and coal lands from entry, is the longest step yet taken in this country, though Europe has gone vastly further.

It seems almost necessary that this belief should be fanatically held by certain people; otherwise the ideals would not be as strong and influential as they are. But just as we found that competition failed to be beneficial unless operated under moral and altruistic ideals, and just as we found that combination, lacking such ideals, may become the most oppressive of systems, just in so far must we ask ourselves, Why should we believe that socialism, although based on altruism, might not and indeed would not be equally oppressive if operated by the same greedy and unscrupulous men that have a way of pushing to the front under any system? Indeed, socialism has one danger lacking in the other two systems. Competition and combination may be measurably restrained—and how far restrained we have not yet found out—by the social tendency working through law. But program socialism, as taught by the orthodox, in addition to being an industrial and economic scheme, would also represent the entire governing force and would be unrestricted and indisputable in its sway.

The preceding remarks may seem to have carried us far afield and to be foreign to the topic chosen, so that, to get back to our line of argument, perhaps we may better pause for a moment to summarize. We have found that the *laissez faire* doctrine of unrestricted competition is not only insufficient to work out justice between men, but that it may be directly productive of great and unnecessary suffering. Moreover, we see in every tendency of today the process of combination taking its place. We have found that this process of combination is subject to abuse, arising from the greed of men and from failure to appreciate and understand the powerful engine with which they are working. In other words, the combination must eventually be subject to regulation. And that regulation must provide for justice between men and equality of treatment. This brings us back to the inevitable nature of all ethical and economic study, and that is, that justice between men must rest on individual character; and that individual character is a product of ideals; and those ideals, which must have a social rather than an individual basis, must be applied and evolved to fit changing circumstances.

It is as impossible to define the full measure of opportunity as it is to state how much constitutes enough. Any definition should include work, food, clothing, leisure, education and freedom from fear of penury in old age or sickness, and the equal voice of the mature and qualified in the scheme of self-government. Our country can and should yield all of us this much, as long as we are sane, virtuous and willing. That the rewards of leadership, that the pay for organizing and executive ability should be no more than the wages of common labor can never come to pass. The laborers would gladly contribute to the cause of organization in any case, just as they now pay high for their union leaders.

But beyond a competency, I hope and believe the time will come when men will give their best for rewards more honorable and more comfortable than are shown by a bank balance, the good will and the appreciation of their fellows.

Great wealth can hardly be called opportunity, for it tends to isolate the individual from his fellows, and if conscientious, places upon him too heavy a burden in the question of administration. If a man is selfish and lazy it permits idleness or dissipation, and thereby,

instead of being a blessing it becomes a curse. No one in easy financial circumstances could consider the acquisition of Rockefeller's money with all the trouble of its management and all the responsibility that would go with it, as anything but a millstone around his neck. Certain it is that Marshall Field, by entailing upon his grandchildren his immense estate, has inflicted upon them a far greater wrong than if he had left them to lives of struggle and even of penury.

What is known as fame may or may not be an admirable thing to strive for. It depends on the quality of that fame and that quality depends upon the enlightenment of public opinion. The fame that came to Carl Schurz because of his brave independence of thought and action is worth far more than the fame that might have come to him if he had risen even higher than he did, by the truckling arts of the politician, or than the tremendous price for which such a great soul might have been sold.

If there is any one duty that rests with special weight upon educated men it is the duty that comes to them of acquiring and forming correct ideals and of bravely proclaiming them, and thus aiding in the creation of that public opinion of which the written law is but an index, and which public opinion must be at the basis of all improvement. We who are living today can realize the tremendous power of that public opinion. We see the crushing of the Insurance Conspirators, and the unexpected action of the Senate. As a result of the packing house expose we shall see men, heretofore absolutely heedless of labor conditions, forced to give an affirmative answer to the historic question asked by Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Education is not paid for by the state in order that there may be set apart a class above and over those missing the chance of learning. But a portion of the taxes of the people have come to be set aside to educate men so that they may go back to the people and better the condition of all.

From what has gone before I hope you have perceived my point of view, and that is, that from now on government, instead of becoming more simple, must necessarily become more complex if it is to work for the average human welfare. As a result, the burdens of citizenship must rest with more and more weight upon all of us, and with especial weight upon those qualified by education to think clearly and clearly express themselves, and thus to act as leaders in the great struggle that is always with us. And this struggle, whatever its temporary phases, is a struggle for justice to the average man. It will be a struggle for real conservatism in spite of the shrieks of those who now monopolize so much of the wealth of the country, and who indiscriminately charge anarchy and socialism against every attempt to obtain justice.

We must not pay much heed to the wail that present laws are adequate and that future laws that result in interference with "vested rights" are *ipso facto* ruinous. For the law is but a social expression and not a divine revelation. Some laws promote justice, and some oppression, and there are needed more of the first sort and less of the second, and it is not to be supposed that laws largely originating under royalty and nobility will be infallible in a state of growing democracy. Moreover, we may question "vested rights" as our Supreme Court has done more than once, and notably in the Lake Front and Traction cases in Chicago. For "vested rights" may after all be in some cases public wrongs illicitly acquired. The awful word "interference" loses much of its terror when we realize that all law is interference with unrestrained individualism, and that the exact amount of interference necessary at any given time can never be predicted in advance.

Proper ideals must be the motive power that will bring victory and not destruction in the years to come; and backed by these ideals, educated men can go forth to contend with certainty of ultimate victory. This victory will not consist in a sudden overturning of things, nor in the immediate creation of a new heaven and a new earth, but in the more modest, perhaps almost imperceptible triumph of having raised many people a little higher in their comforts and their views of life. All systems break down if divorced from correct ethical conceptions. I have tried to show that these correct ethical conceptions must be social and be based on the welfare of the average man.

In closing it is well that we should revert to our texts. In the unending battle ahead of us we shall need every particle of the courage of the prince; we shall need patience and strength to sacrifice the present for the future; but most of all we need that clear light that has shone down through the centuries and that illuminates sociology, economics and ethics and shows that the trend and end of all is to make the world more habitable and happier for all of us.

Just as in the old story the Master found opportunity in resisting temptation, so he who casts aside fame and fortune at the dictates of humanity and self-respect, is gathering opportunity where he has seemed to lose it, and justifies the metaphor that "he that would save his life must lose it."

Here, indeed, there is abundant room at the top; the ways cannot be crowded to the trampling down of the weak, nor is the course made rough by envy. The social ideal does not require the lonely eminence of power or of fortune as the measure of success. Success is for all.

The teachings of Jesus furnish the nearest definition of that real opportunity, seeking which a man may comfortably live and for which he may happily die—the opportunity to be of public service.

The Real Jesus

O Church! bring back the real Jesus, the Jesus who walked in Galilee and blessed the children; who taught so grandly and lived so divinely; who died on the cross a death as heroic as his life had been pure! So long ecclesiastics have kept him buried beneath dogmas that obscure the beauty of his life and hidden behind sacraments that divert attention from his spirit to his blood! For how many years did Christians speculate about him, fight for his sepulchre, and persecute in his name! Dogmatists for centuries have said "believe" where he said "do." They have said "fear" where he said "love." They have frowned on human nature where he smiled. They have taught creeds where he spoke parables. The morality affirmed by him as sufficient they have put aside as inadequate. O Church! no longer feed us on dogmatic mysteries; no longer imprison his spirit; no longer neglect his gospel! We are weak, wayward and weary; give us back Jesus to be our friend, exemplar, teacher and inspirer.—*Joseph H. Crooker.*

"God has made you after his own plan, and he places you just where he wishes you to work with him to bring about the highest results for yourself. He has given you every opportunity. Make yourself what you will—remember it lies with you. God can make no mistakes!"—*Alice Freeman Palmer.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

*Discussion of Theological Addresses

BY REV. B. F. ALDRICH, PASTOR CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, AURORA, ILL.

One thought has been uppermost in my mind as I have listened to these three papers this afternoon, and that was suggested by the keynote of this Congress struck last Sunday night in a score of pulpits in and about this city—"The Greatest Need of Religion Today." So without attempting a critical discussion of these papers, in which there has been much high thought, and some grave intellectual confusion, I would express the feeling which has crowded to the front in my mind as I have sat here this afternoon, that the supreme need of religion today is a quest for the *God of the world as it is.* Not of the first importance just now is it to know the God of the world as it was, the God of history; nor the God of the world as it is to be—the God of prophecy; nor the God of the world as it must be—the God of metaphysics; nor even the God of the world as it ought to be—the God of ethics; but just the God of the world as it is—the God of experience.

We need to find the God of real men, with the real issues and problems of their lives pressing with tragic intensity on every side—living, toiling, struggling men. We need to find the God of the men of the stock yards, and of the coal mines, and of the Seventeenth ward, and when we find him we shall discover that he is also the God of the men of this Congress, and of this University, in whose beneficent shadow we are tarrying awhile today. What we most need just now is not a conception that will satisfy the intellect, but a spirit that will fill the life.

The critical point in theology today is a living man in the stress and strain of his every day practical life, crying out for a coöperating God—a working God, a sympathizing God, a suffering God, who really enters into the experience of the man of this world and now. The problem is not a philosophical, or scientific, or critical, but a practical one. We need an *Experience,* out of which we can speak a clear *Idea,* and in which we can work back with a vital touch into all these other phases of our religious problem.

This does not mean that we are to disregard the intellectual side of our faith. Think, by all means, with all possible vigor, and investigate with all attainable scholarship, but keep the den and the academy up close against life. The "economic man," the "theological man," the "hypothetical man," does not exist, and frequently the man of the psychological laboratory has been caught from the intellectual hospital, madhouse or pesthouse. If God is in his world we shall be in the way of finding him if, in all our seeking, we keep close up against the normal life forces which are working ceaselessly about us. When Keplar, after years of most minute mathematical calculations and tireless searchings of the heavens discovered the "Harmonic Laws," he cried out in an ecstasy of worshipful enthusiasm, "O God, I think thy thoughts over after thee." Carl Linnaeus said, "I looked into the opening carolla of a flower, and I bowed my head in reverence, for the spirit of the Lord passed by." A man wrote to Phillips Brooks, "I toil from morning to night, day in and day out, week in and week out, but when I have time to sit down quietly for fifteen minutes of meditation, somehow you stand to me for God." Hagar, out in the edge of the desert, her famishing child stretched on the ground beside her, lifted up her eyes with a great comfort sweeping over her soul as she said, "Thou God seest me!" We need to come into an experience of a God who knows, and loves, and cares.

The objection is at once made that this is anthropomorphism. Well, as long as we live in bodies, and think with brains, and love with hearts, and are led by ideals our thought, if it means anything at all, is pretty sure to have some little tinge of anthropomorphism. It is a big word and has a formidable sound, but really as long as we are men we need not fear it. It has been the very insanity of somewhat that has called itself philosophy and theology that it has tried to express itself in terms entirely outside of human life and human experience. We need a theology expressed not in the terms of science but in the terms of life. This can be done with loyalty to all the facts, and so will keep our statement scientifically true. And, possibly to our surprise, we will find ourselves on safe metaphysical ground. Dr. Royce in his masterly argument, "The World and the Individual," has indicated that the very essence of personality is purpose realizing itself. God is the only complete Person, because realizing an absolute Purpose. We are persons in so far as we discover his purpose and make it our own, and here is the harmonizing of the One and the many. We find Tennyson's

> "One God, one element,
> One far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves"—

and Mathew Arnold's "The eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness," and we choose this world-purpose for our purpose, and herein is the solution of sovereignty and free will. Man also discovers the unity of his own nature in finding his oneness with God. We have talked about *souls* and forgotten about *lives.* We have tried to save souls and have neglected to inquire what sort of house the life is spent in, what kind of toil it is wasted with, what food it subsists on—whether its "necessities" are liver and soup bone, while ours, perhaps, is spring chicken and porterhouse. The whole life belongs to God and it is saved when it is *lived* according to his purpose.

> "Let us not always say,
> 'Spite of this flesh today
> I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'
> As the bird wings and sings
> Let us cry, 'All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul!'"

Do we not find, if we keep close up against life, that God has been living and loving himself into human experience? He has answered our quest with himself. What Moses hoped for, and but dimly saw, and Isaiah saw and only failed to be, the Christ became, and is. Three great glories of Israel, who, it has been said, had a genius for religion, are the discovery of one God who is the living God, the reality of the life of God in the life of man, and the spirit and purpose of God in the Christ. Christianity has discovered to men that they have a Christ-like God. In him he has "made known unto us the mystery of his will." As if God himself could step out of the shadow and say, "This is what I have been trying to say to you and your ears were dull; this is what I have been trying to show to you and your eyes were holden; this is what I have been trying to be in you and your spirits

*At Chicago University Session, June 6, 1906.

were recalcitrant and unsubmissive." Here is God's purpose concerning us in concrete self-realization and self-expression. The Christ is the ideal, and also the method. And if, for us, there seems to be a divine "becoming," will it not be, so far as our human experience is concerned, a social incarnation of the Spirit of God, the realization of a Christ-like society of men?

THE STUDY TABLE

Books for Summer Time

There is much to be said in favor of stay-at-home travel and there is much more of really intelligent possibility in it than most people are aware. Even a Baedeker may be more interesting in the quiet and comfort of home than amidst the uncertainties of foreign roving, and especially roving in Egypt; Egypt in summertime! And when instead of the ordinary small type and matter-of-fact prose of the average guide-book the volume is such as Dr. H. W. Dunning's "Today on the Nile,"* beautiful in binding and rich with illustration, the alternative of taking one's trip by way of quiet afternoons in shady nooks has its decided advantages. Dr. Dunning has had some experience in guiding parties in Egypt. He knows what to see and how to see it quickly and intelligently, and there is many an interesting bit of lighter experience as well to brighten the way. If one could take with this book of travels Dr. Brestead's admirable new history of Egypt, he would have not only a pleasurable, but an enriching summer; he would see Egypt extensively and intensively, the lines of history crossing and fixing in mind the lines of geography. The book is accompanied by an excellent map.

Among the intenser works of fiction, stories which have served a cause, must now be mentioned Baroness Von Suttner's "Ground Arms."** The Baroness is the daughter of an Austrian general and grew up, therefore, amid the noises of war. In the form of fiction she had previously spoken wittily and lightly. This novel, however, marked her enlistment of great powers in the effort toward world peace, and the work has been frequently compared to Uncle Tom's Cabin as the bugle-call to a moral issue. In Germany and Austria it has commanded a wide reading, securing for the author the Nobel peace prize of $40,000. On the threads of a romance are woven the records of tragedy which war brings with it. McClurg sends out a sixth edition. It is a novel, but it has a meaning.

"The Twentieth Century Christ" is the profound title of a book by Paul Karishka.*** The book is beyond us, but the author fortunately has foreseen our limitations and assures us in the closing chapter that the book, which may "seem to be only a jungle of words," has really "within it a silver thread of unity." We miss it unless it is the single word, Christ.

In the summer mood it is restful to turn away from the books which breathe the atmosphere of theological debate. The days are consecrated to the insights and far-sights which are only bestowed upon us when the world's voices are hushed, its hurry stayed, and the Spirit Universal can have its way with us. All too few are the so-called religious books which fit helpfully into these times. They must be suggestive without being intrusive. They must not end by involving us in themselves, but by leading us out into better sympathy with the world which is about us. To this rare company belong Dr. Brierley's books of essays. His new sheaf, gathered under the title "The Eternal Life,"**** is one of the lightest books of its size that the publisher's art has yet achieved. It is a trifling burden in the hand or the satchel. And the serenities and outlook which belong to the mind of God are in it. He who wanders in company with this book will have uplifting fellowship and unconsciously will gather power for the days which will follow.

JAMES A. BLAISDELL.

Beloit College.

*H. W. Dunning, Ph. D. Today on the Nile. Ill. James Pott & Co. New York.

**Ground Arms! Baroness Von Suttner. Sixth Edition. A. C. McClurg & Co.

***The Twentieth Century Christ. Paul Karishka. $1.00 net. Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Co.

Notes of New Books

From McMillan Co. I have "Lady Baltimore," by Wister, and "Coniston," by Winston Churchill. The first of these novels is to me exceedingly interesting. It contains some apt epigrams, such as the following: "Our big men fifty years ago thought of the country, and what they could make it; our big men of today think of the country and what they can make out of it." It has not a few exceedingly fine passages, like the following: "I sat there among these Christians, suckled in a creed outworn—it was part of the town's repose and sweetness, together with the old-fashioned roses, and the old-fashioned ladies." The love story is very attractive and contains a fresh originality all through. "Coniston," from the same house, is an excellent story from beginning to end. You will find one or two chapters which rather burlesque our legislative bribery and similar evils, drawing a picture a little too strong; but you will never regret having come into contact with Jethro Bass, the political boss of New Hampshire, and Cynthia. The book ministers admirably to better citizenship, besides giving you a warmer feeling for human nature. The author is now running for Governor of his State, and we hope he will get it. A man who can feel as keenly as he does with the common people, and see as clearly as he does their rights, and comprehend as well as he does the hope of the future, should be put in a place of power.

Another book from the MacMillans is "A Living Wage," by Ryan. Here we have a handbook that ought to be on the table of every thinker, and ready for use constantly. The doctrine of the first chapter is that there is such a thing as *moral standard* of wages. Chapter Second argues against an utterly unrestricted bargaining. Chapter Third argues that a Living Wage is a *human right.* Chapter Six determines that the *size of a family* should be taken as a measure of wages paid. Chapter Seven concludes that anything less than six hundred dollars per year is not a living wage, in any American city. It does not set down that figure for the country. If you do not entirely agree with the author, you cannot avoid feeling the force of his argument. Other chapters discuss Rent, Interest, and similar by-issues of the main question. The whole book is placed on a moral basis—just where our whole business structure has got to be placed, before we can come to a model society.

"The Mystery of the Lost Dauphin" comes from the same house, and I shall never find time to read it. Again from the same house comes "Balzac, a Critical Study," by Taine. If anyone takes any interest in the incarnation of vulgarity, they can read this, as the best discussion of Balzac. E. P. POWELL.

****The Eternal Religion. J. Brierley. Thos. Whittaker. New York City.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Major Dreyfus.

Captain Alfred Dreyfus, exonerated from all guilt, restored to his place in the French army, promoted to the rank of major and refusing withal to take any steps for the prosecution of his enemies, declaring that his only desire is to recover his honor as a soldier and serve his country—stands in the center of the stage today, compelling the admiration of all for what his attorney justly calls an attitude of moral grandeur. The fact that Dreyfus is a Jew may help Christians to see that the spirit of their Master is not confined to those who share their beliefs about him.

Colorado Socialists.

Colorado bids fair to be for the immediate future the most active center of the Socialist propaganda. The Socialists of that state have nominated for governor W. D. Haywood, the union official who was kidnapped and taken to Idaho, where he now lies in prison accused of the murder of the late Governor Steunenberg. In the East Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, a wealthy settlement worker, has announced his adhesion to the Socialist party.

"Princess Alice."

It is occurring to plain people who love the principles of democracy that it is about time Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth withdrew from the limelight and occupied herself with adorning the simple life of an American home. The American people were interested and sympathetic spectators of the White House wedding, but a debut in high British society, at the right hand of royalty, as if she were a crown princess, has elements in it that are offensive to the best American taste. A similar comment may be made upon the ostentatious display of wealth by Ambassador Reid, who maintains, at fabulous cost, one of the most princely establishments in England.

Two Theatrical Decisions.

The New York courts have handed down two decisions in important dramatic cases. With the one relieving Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," from the stigma of immorality, I am heartily in sympathy. "Man and Superman" is essentially immoral, but "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is as moral as a sermon and only objectionable to squeamish people who do not like to hear a spade even alluded to under euphemistic terms. The other decision, for which the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court is responsible, sustains the theatrical trust in its right to refuse Mr. Metcalfe, the dramatic critic, admission to their playhouses. It will be received with regret by all who have watched with sympathy his brave fight in behalf of the rights of criticism. It is to be hoped the decision may not be accepted as final until it is passed upon by the court of last resort.

Two Reconciliations.

The quarrels of politicians do not lie very deep. It is usually only a matter of spoils, and they are quick to make up when it is to their mutual advantage. The necessity of opposing a united front to President Roosevelt has brought Messrs. Platt and Odell together again, and the Deneen organization in Chicago has given one more evidence of its rapid lapse from virtue by welcoming back Congressman Madden into the fold. Politicians who are praising in one campaign the man whom they denounced in the last, cannot command the confidence of the people.

Mayor Dunne's Appointments.

Mayor Dunne sent the City Council off on its summer vacation with the appointment of a fire chief who is satisfactory to all parties, and with the presentation of a list of members of the School Board which leaves people guessing as to the outcome. The addition of Mr. Louis F. Post, Single Tax advocate and editor of *The Public*, and of Mr. Raymond Robins, the radical young settlement worker, to a board which already contains Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Emmons Blaine and Dr. Cornelia DeBey, produces a combination which, to say the least, is interesting. The radicals are beginning to have their innings in Chicago. These people are certainly far above the type which ordinarily gets appointed on school boards in large cities. There is a strong impression that the board has been constituted in such a way as to further the plans of the Teachers' Federation, which, chiefly owing to its affiliation with the Federation of Labor, is regarded with distrust by many conservative citizens. We are glad to note that Rev. R. A. White, who has done valiant service in resisting some of the demands of the Federationists, has, nevertheless, been reappointed to the board.

Political Speeches.

Senator LaFollette is making speeches at Chautauquas attacking the new rate bill, which he believes will wholly fail to accomplish its purpose. In one case he roundly denounced the attitude of a brother senator, Hemenway, of Indiana, who was himself the presiding officer—which was hardly polite, to say nothing of "senatorial courtesy." Secretary Taft made at Greensboro, N. C., what was apparently intended to be an important speech, but so far as I can see it contained nothing but eulogy of President Roosevelt and the Republican party, and an exhortation to the solid South to dismiss the bogey of the race issue, and recognize its own interests in the matter of tariff protection by voting the Republican ticket. In the present mood of the country Mr. Taft will have to strike a different pace from this if he hopes to be in the running for the next presidential campaign.

Francis W. Parker.

Chicago has had no very great reason to boast of late of her representatives in Congress, but if I mistake not a man is looming up in the Hyde Park district in the person of State Senator Francis W. Parker, who bears more than a superficial resemblance to La Follette. The close identification of Congressman Mann with corporate interests, coupled with his vote on the mileage grab, has provoked a strong current of opposition to him, which has found fitting expression in the candidacy of Mr. Parker. The latter has done splendid service at Springfield, heading off a number of schemes which the gang were attempting to put through. His public addresses, particularly a speech which he made before a campaign committee last week, reveal him as an outspoken champion of the new era of honesty and public spirit in politics. Our readers will do well to keep their eyes on Mr. Parker.

Illinois Bar Association.

The Illinois Bar Association had a distinctly popular program at its recent meeting in Chicago and listened to some strong speeches, in which the spirit of graft was denounced and the ideals of municipal ownership discussed from every viewpoint. I am unable, however, to find that they did anything, except to get into the headlines of the daily papers, or even passed resolutions expressing the "sense of the meeting" on any vital matters. The Bar Associations are the source to which the long-suffering public is naturally looking for the discussion and advocacy of much needed reforms in our jurisprudence, and leading lawyers owe it to themselves and their profession to show that they are not so completely owned by corporate interests as to be disinclined to take strong ground in this matter.

Chicago's Police.

Chief Collins has finally admitted that some one in the force has been regularly giving O'Leary's gambling house advance information of coming raids. The truth is, with all the talk about it, Chicago's police force has never yet had a thorough overhauling. And so long as Inspector Hunt remains in charge of the Hyde Park station or in any position of influence on the force, our readers may rest assured that any appearance of reform is only superficial. No chief of police has yet had the courage to tackle Hunt.

Reducing the Armies.

We have coveted for America the honor of beginning the movement for the reduction of military establishments, but so long as the shadow of the "big stick" is upon the White House, this hope is not likely to be realized. None the less it is good news that Great Britain is proposing to reduce her army by 20,000, with the understanding that France and Italy will each reduce theirs by 60,000. Naturally this proposal of the Liberal ministry in England is stirring up a hornet's nest of opposition from intrenched militarism, one of the arguments being that it would add 20,000 men to the already crowded ranks of the unemployed. That, however, is another problem. England cannot long afford the wholesale corruption of the morals of her young men by their employment in the army. It is along the line of international agreements for the limitation of naval and military armaments, that the era of peace seems most likely to dawn.

Padded Pay Rolls.

Testimony in the trial of John A. Cooke, former clerk of the Circuit Court in Chicago, reveals a deliberate and cold-blooded conspiracy between him and his chief clerk to load the pay rolls with fictitious names and divide the profits. The confession made on the witness stand by the former chief clerk, between whom and Cooke the conspiracy was hatched up, is a nauseating revelation of the quality of character which partisan politics puts into public office.

W. B. T.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The interesting things to see are those which belong to the world that is in process of becoming.

MON.—"Peace on earth" is not a statement of accomplished fact, but a prophecy.

TUES.—Mankind is not to have peace till it has suffered for it and worked for it. The workmen must do their work over and over again till they have learned the right way.

WED.—Our duty is not only to keep the peace, but to make a peace that is worth keeping.

THURS.—Everywhere a human ideal must be placed above every other kind of success.

FRI.—Religion must be lifted above ecclesiasticism, and business honor above the vulgar standards of commercialism.

SAT.—The kind of peace which the world needs cannot be had for the asking. It comes high, but it is worth the price.

—*Samuel McChord Crothers: The Pardoner's Wallet.*

To An Oriole

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our northern sky?

At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunshine with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning towards Heaven until its wish was heard
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

Edgar Fawcett.

The Parrot Was Right

When my brother Tommy was a small boy, about three years of age, my parents had a parrot which was a very knowing old bird. He was often allowed to roam at will about the house and he often perched on the back of Tommy's high chair.

Once, at meal time, when Tommy was sitting at the table, something didn't go to suit him and he began to cry. The parrot, perched in his favorite place on Tommy's chair, wagged his head sagely and said drolly: "Tommy bad boy, Tommy bad boy."

This hurt Tommy's feelings very much and also made him very indignant. He began to cry still harder, saying vehemently: "I *ain't* bad!"

The parrot, who seemed to be somewhat abashed at this denial, remained quiet for some time, evidently pondering the situation. Then he said soothingly: "Tommy good boy, Tommy good boy."

This seemed to pacify the troubled child and he soon stopped crying.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

An Ancient Epitaph

The following epitaph roughly cut on a slab of slate stands in an old graveyard on the main street of Concord, Mass. It is surmounted with a skull and crossbones. The passerby who reads the lines fancies the disembodied spirit of Mr. John Lee as a sort of ethereal grudge with a grim resentment towards the human beings who are still fortunately alive:

MOMENTO MORI.

Here lie interred the remains of Mr. John Lee, who departed this life Feb. 7, A. D. 1701, aged 43 years and 49 days.

MOTTO.

Who to his plighted vows and tryst had ever firmly stood,
And tho' he promised to his loss he made his promise good.
Who e'er thou art who walks this burying place,
Here turn your eyes, come look, abate thy pace,
Time was when I, like thee, a life possessed;
Once men me loved, me valued and caressed,
But now naught but a heap of dust remains.
And you, like me, must yield into Death's chains.
But mark! Before thou yield, pray one word take,
Beware, repent, thy Soul, thy all's at stake
In midst of great prosperity
Remember now that thou mayst die.

The Frigate Bird

Though the petrel is swift, the frigate bird is far swifter. Seamen generally believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined; but it is certain that this bird is the swiftest of winged creatures and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, two hundred miles an hour.

A Legend of the Robin

The old Britons had a beautiful legend of the robin which embodies so much of tenderness and religious sentiment that it ought to be preserved as an evidence of the softening influences of Christianity on this warlike people.

When our Savior went forth, bearing his cross and with the crown of plaited thorns piercing his brow, a little bird, touched with pity for his sufferings, plucked from the crown one thorn, which carried with it a drop of his precious blood.

"This blood, 'tis said,
Down dropping, dyed the tenderest bosom red."

Since this time, the legend runs, the bird has borne a charmed life, for the little creature had "done what she could" for the Master.

"Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest,
Weasel nor wildcat will her young molest;
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast."

This tradition is, perhaps, the foundation for the high favor, amounting almost to reverence, in which the "redbreast," as they lovingly call it, is held by the English people to this day.—*Mrs. G. W. Miller.*

The Song of the Nightingale

Reaching London, connections were at once established with the correspondents who were to present me at the court of the nightingale. Before I realized I was in England I found myself at nightfall in quiet Surrey by-ways listening for the sweet birds that shunnest the noise of folly, and in time the notes of not only one, but of three birds rang out with silvery clearness against the background of the night. They sang for hours. I heard them when they seemed within reach, and with almost equal distinctness when I had gone to my hedge-enclosed home a quarter of a mile across the valley. They were said to be good singers, and I exulted in the completeness of this long-anticipated experience.

The nightingale's song was, of course, unlike my preconceived idea of it. I had expected a rushing outpouring of music, but I found a more deliberate song of disconnected phrases of three to five seconds' length, each followed by pauses of almost equal duration.

The nightingale in transport seemed to fling
His warble out, and then sit listening.

Occasionally a more prolonged strain was given, but, as a whole, the song lacked the force, crescendo and diminuendo effects of a continuous effort. It is a surprisingly loud song, in tone a decided whistle; a wonderfully voluble, varied, but rather hard performance. At times a measure or two suggested portions of the song of our nocturnal singer, the chat, and again some of the more rapid calls reminded one of certain notes of the Carolina wren, but as a whole we have no bird whose song resembles that of the nightingale.—*Frank M. Chapman, in Scribner's Magazine.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY | UNITY | ESTABLISHED 1878

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter

$2:00 PER ANNUM

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Vacation Notes

PROVIDENCE DAY AND THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tuesday, July 3, was Providence day. On that morning the librarians some five hundred strong climbed gaily into the open trolley cars at Narragansett Pier for the preliminary ride to Saunderstown. How fresh and fair everything looked as we sped along through acres of wild roses, honey-suckle, morning-glories, bay-berry bushes, etc., and what a buzz there was of lively conversation! Librarians, at least, do not take their pleasures sadly and these A. L. A. excursions and post-conference trips are regarded as a most important adjunct of the annual conference in the way they promote acquaintance and sociability among librarians from all parts of the country. Montreal and Texas can compare notes, while Mr. "Seattle" Smith lends a helping hand to the lady from Chicago or New England without waiting for the formality of an introduction. There is much "shop talk" of the most profitable kind, but also many a quip and jest and much exchange of reminiscences of past conferences and similar outings. So in the best of spirits we speed along until Saunderstown is reached, and the kaleidoscopic groupings shift again as we stroll down the quiet country road to the dock where a specially chartered steamer is waiting to receive us.

Grouped on her decks we enjoy the beautiful sail up Narragansett Bay to the old city of Roger Williams. As we glide along printed sheets are distributed containing a plan of the city, the names of the members of the local committee in its various sections, the itinerary for the day, time and place for luncheon, and other useful information. On reaching Providence, special trolley cars are in waiting, some bound for the University and adjoining libraries, others for the State House and the Public Library, so that the whole avalanche of visitors need not descend upon a single institution at once. Everything is most admirably managed so that no matter where you begin, you find a car ready in due time to take you in the other direction with the least possible retracing of steps.

The State House with its simple but dignified senate and assembly room, occupying two arms of a Greek cross around a central rotunda and dome, the State Library and a gorgeous "State room" containing Gilbert Stuart's full length portrait of Washington filling the other two arms, makes a most pleasing impression. The well-kept grounds about the structure will eventually be surrounded by a military looking guard of Lombardy poplars, which in double ranks have already attained quite respectable proportions.

From here it is but a step to the Providence Public Library, whose building, erected in 1900, is considered a model in several particulars. Its children's room, its "standard library" and its arrangement for dusting the books are features of special interest to visiting librarians. Noteworthy collections in this library are the Harris collection on slavery and the civil war, and the Williams folk-lore collection.

A delicious lunch served by Providence ladies in Sayles Hall, whose walls are lined with the portraits of notabilities ranging from colonial and revolutionary heroes to John Hay, makes a pleasing interlude to our visit to the John Carter Brown Library, whose incomparable collection of Americana is admirably displayed in the building erected for it in 1904. The general University library is housed in a building of a bygone type and has a very pervasive odor of musty tomes. It possesses an interesting special collection of works of American poets.

Half-way down College Hill is the quaint little, old-time building of the Providence Athenæum Library, a proprietary institution dating back to the eighteenth century, and possessing that attractively booky atmosphere that is notably wanting in many of our modern libraries, where we hope it may come in time.

In this immediate vicinity to the Library of the Rhode Island Historical Society, the School of Design and the old First Baptist Meeting House attracted visitors, while on the campus itself the open doors of the old museum lead some to mount the stairs for a sight of the Roger Williams and other relics, including the singular roots of that famous apple tree, the discovery of which in the grave of the great apostle of religious liberty led long ago to the

GUARANTEE

Only legitimate lines of business will be admitted to these columns, and only those firms who will "make good" on all offers will be retained. *We therefore absolutely guarantee all advertisements herein.* If any subscriber reports that money sent to an advertiser has been misappropriated or falsely applied, or in any way a plain deception has been practiced, we will investigate the case and if charge is true we will make good the loss to our subscriber.

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propounding of the gruesome question: Who ate Roger Williams?

These various points of interest duly visited, all gathered once more on our special steamer, the Warwick, and sailed away for Rocky Point, the well-known shore resort, to close the day's experiences with a genuine Rhode Island clam bake. That was a treat indeed for the lover of all sea foods. The profusion of the viands: chowder, clams, fish, crabs and lobsters, set before that hungry multitude will not soon be forgotten. The long ranges of tables in the spacious shore pavilion, were aglow with color and the whole effect made a picture only matched in the memories of some of us by the Georgia barbacue offered our members in 1899, at a resort near Atlanta. Moonlight for the return sail to Narragansett Pier proved the one thing which the very efficient committee of arrangements found itself unable to provide as hoped. But if we reached Saunderstown in the rain and took the return trolley-ride in drizzling darkness, it was at least brightened for those who peered into the outer gloom, by countless fire flies hovering about the tangles of riotous verdure and bloom that had delighted us in the morning.

Seldom does one pass so quiet a Fourth as that we enjoyed at Narragansett. Torpedo and fire-cracker were so little in evidence that we scarcely recognized the sounds when we heard them, but the hotels were decorated and a small silk flag adorned the president's table at the fourth general session of this conference. An admirable literary program with distinguished speakers from outside our ranks had been arranged for this occasion and drew in more than the professional attendance.

The opening address was by Hon. George H. Utter, governor of Rhode Island, who reminded us of some of the noble traditions of Rhode Island history, and assured us that her present political problems are going to be settled and settled right, that the spirit and purpose of the Fathers still live in the sons of today.

Rev. W. H. R. Faunce, D. D. LL. D.; president of Brown University, followed in a ringing address in which he classed the library with the home, the school and the church as one of the great factors in modern civilization and characterized its work as the promotion of knowledge, perspective and ideals, in other words an adequate grasp of facts, relations and values. Contrasting the use made of a colloge library in his student days and now, he declared that true culture is the gradual result of a time exposure never to be produced by any number of snap shots.

Quite different in character was a paper by Owen Wister on subjects fit for fiction. A "declaration of independence" in which, after carefully defining each term of that topic, he cleverly reduced to their lowest terms a series of the world's great literary masterpieces and showed most conclusively that it is not upon the seed, but upon the gardener who makes it grow, that the "fitness" of any work of fiction depends, and justified his thesis that any subject is fit for fiction.

Brander Mathews, "pressed into service" on short notice, laid before us some thoughts suggested by recent statistics of emigration. After plainly stating the grave grounds for apprehension to be found in this incoming flood of alien peoples, he ended by the fullest justification of American optimism, asserting that there is no check or cessation in the work of assimilation that has been the most wonderful feature of our history and drawing hopeful conclusions as to the modifications of American character and temperament to be expected from the changes in race and origin of the immigrants now coming to our shores.

The program was interspersed with national songs heartily rendered by the entire audience. M. E. H.

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt Leaves the Denomination

Will you kindly insert in your next issue the following concerning Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, who has been for a number of years a member of the First Baptist Church of this city, and who recently severed his connection with the church and with the denomination. I think the following would be the way in which our church would like the matter put before the public, if you would kindly do so:

Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, recently formally severed his connection with the First Baptist Church of Ithaca, N. Y., and with the Baptist denomination. In a statement, marked alike by Christian courtesy and intellectual honesty, he indicated the reasons that led him to withdraw from the church, and also the considerations that had long kept him from taking this step. Among the latter, he mentioned the fact that he had never been requested, in any position he had held, or in uniting with any local church, to subscribe to a creed; the hope he had cherished that there would develop within the denomination a liberal party as cordially recognized and fellowshiped as were the radical leaders in the sixteenth century, in whose noble lives and heroic martyrdom the Baptists of today glory; and the reverence and gratitude with which the Christian church as an historic institution and a present force in the world inspired him.

He had cause to feel, however, that his attitude on important moral and religious questions was so markedly at variance with the position generally held by Baptists that it could not be considered fair or just to the rank and file of the denomination to allow his public utterances to be understood as in any sense representing their corporate faith. It seemed to him that, while the Baptist brotherhood is not bound by a common creed in set terms, there is nevertheless a general consensus of opinion as to the authority of the Bible, the person of Jesus, the way of salvation, and the manner of worship, dissent from which within the fold is unwelcome and causes deep pain, even where it is not regarded as morally indefensible. He doubted not that the church would, in course of time, learn to distinguish between what is permanently valuable and helpful in its cult and creed, and what is morally inadequate and intellectually superseded. But, after long and careful consideration, he had reached the conclusion that he could better serve without than within this institution, both in what seemed to be the highest interests of the church, and what seemed to him the spiritual needs of the multitudes of thoughtful and earnest men estranged from the church by its insistence upon doctrines they cannot believe, and ritual performances whose value they cannot be made to see.

The church granted, with regret, Professor Schmidt's request, knowing well his deep truth of life and honesty of purpose. While not in accord, in many respects, with the views expressed by Professor Schmidt in his letter, acknowledgment was made, informally, of the change of opinion both within and without the denomination, with regard to many of the matters with which he took issue; and the feeling expressed that time and our best instincts would ultimately lead us to see, better than we now do, what is really true in all these matters. Pleasure was also expressed that a broader toleration of divergent views, and of the results of critical study, where they are in any measure assured, was coming to be everywhere recognized. *Robt. T. Jones.*

Pastor First Baptist Church.
Ithaca, N. Y.

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